

Riding In Cars With Boys

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Riding In Cars With Boys

by [Weconqueratdawn](#)

Summary

Anon asked: Didn't you once mention beautiful Will teasing the confused fratboys at school?

A prequel to [the main series](#) where Will finds he has an unexpected admirer :)

Notes

Thanks to the anon who sent in this ask! I wasn't going to write anything for this and just waffle on about it, but it was so interesting I had to :)

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Warning for transphobic language and threats of violence

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“Those guys are waiting for me again,” Will said. “I’ve got to go.”

On the other end of the phone, Bev made a strangled noise pitched somewhere between indignation and concern.

“I’ll be fine,” Will said. “Really. I’ll call you later.”

There were two of them, shadowy figures loitering under the tree close to his front door. They weren’t trying to hide, of course. Men like them never seemed to think they should, even when they were doing something to be ashamed of.

Without slowing his stride, Will put his phone away. As he drew closer, one of the figures stepped out into a patch of grass illuminated by a lamp overhead. Will didn’t recognise him but they all tended to look the same - broad shoulders, square head, team sweatshirt.

Will raised an eyebrow at him. “Can’t stay away, can you? You must like what you see.”

The other figure joined the first, and said something Will didn’t catch. He was a bit shorter - the tall square one had to duck his head to listen. Then the second guy slapped him on the back, shoving him forward a little.

Now he was only a few feet away, Will realised he had seen him before. Hanging around the campus in the company of a particularly infantile group of frat boys Will would be happy to never see again. He slipped his bag off his shoulder, ready to drop it if he had to. What women were told about holding keys was not the best advice - you needed both hands free to fight properly.

“Either get out of my way or I’ll make you get out of my way,” Will said. “You’ve seen me do it before.”

“Um,” the guy said. “Sorry, look, are you, um-”

“Am I, what?” Will answered. “Am I a girl or a boy? Am I a freak of nature or a disgusting pervert? Or do you just want to know what I keep in my pants?”

At least the guy had the grace to look abashed. “Yeah, see, don’t listen to Chuck, he’s an idiot. Everyone thinks so.”

“No one more than me,” Will said. “Can I go now? I’ve got things to do.”

“Wait- um, don’t go, not yet. I’ve got something I want to ask you.”

“Fuck’s sake, what is it?” Will said. “I’m losing patience, and I swear you won’t like it when I do.”

“I just- I think.” The guy drew himself up to his full height, like he was preparing to take a gut-punch. “I think you’re kinda cute.”

For a moment, Will was stunned into silence. Then suspicion rushed in to fill the gap, until it was an angry buzz in his ears. "If this is something Chuck has put you up to, you'd better get out of here right now, or-"

The guy rushed forward to interrupt. "No, no, I promise! On my mother's grave."

Will's unspent words dissolved into empty useless breath. He sighed, and looked at the guy in front of him, *really looked*. He saw traces of a young teenager, one who'd grown too tall too quickly, and a silent stoic father. All he'd wanted to do was make her proud, so he'd done what his father had said. A football scholarship would lead to a bright future, a good job. Now he was struggling with the realisation that his father's idea of a bright future didn't match his own. And the knowledge that his mother's opinions on the matter rotted away under the ground, along with everything else which had once been her.

"Okay," Will said, feeling much more uncomfortable than when he thought he was going to end the night with split knuckles. "So... what, are you asking me out?"

"Yeah," the guy said. "Not very well, sorry. Um, want to go grab a drink or something?" He gestured away from Will's front door, in the direction of the cafes and bars which made up college nightlife.

Will shook his head and the guy's face fell, almost comically so.

"I mean, I've had a long day - lots of people," Will explained. "Look, why don't you come in for a bit. We can talk."

He found his keys in his bag and made for the door. Whatever this guy was, he was no threat.

The guy jogged the few steps over to Will, looking as eager and awkward as a puppy. "Uh, yeah, sure." He nodded at his friend, who turned and disappeared into the night.

"Who was that?" Will asked, as the door clicked open.

"Not Chuck," the guy said. "Just moral support. Don't worry."

"I do worry." Will dumped his bag and coat in the hall. "I have to."

"Yeah, about that," the guy said, his eyes trying to catch Will's. "Sorry for freaking you out. I didn't think."

"No," said Will, rather absently, looking round the room and wondering what he should do now. He hadn't really thought much further than asking the guy inside. "I don't know your name. I guess you already know mine."

"It's Will, right? I'm Kyle."

Will smiled. He couldn't help it. Kyle with the square head and the football scholarship. "Take a seat, Kyle. I feel like I should offer you a beer but I haven't got any. Hold on."

He ducked into his bedroom and came back out with the battered tin bait box he kept his weed in. Kyle was on the couch, flicking not-very-casually through a magazine Bev had left behind. Will sat beside him, and found he rather enjoyed the way Kyle's eyes jumped immediately to his bare knees and then a little higher.

"I've got this," Will said. "Want to share? I think after tonight's misunderstanding we could both do to unwind a little."

Kyle grinned. "Much better than beer."

"Well, I think so," Will said, grinning back. It was surprisingly easy to do. Kyle was making no attempt at all to hide his attraction or his obvious hopes about the direction his evening had taken. His face was open, with clear brown eyes. His teeth were very white and he had a mole above one eyebrow. Maybe he wasn't quite as square and bland as Will had first thought him, just extremely clean-cut and healthy-looking.

He rolled a joint while Kyle watched, unable to shake the impression that, at any moment, Kyle might sneak an arm round the back of the couch and across his shoulders. *Riding in cars with boys*, Will thought, a little hysterically. Suddenly, he could imagine an alternate reality, one based on dumb movie tropes, where he'd spent high school dating the star quarterback and wore his jacket to all the big games. Milkshakes and french fries and used condoms in the backseat.

"You live here on your own?" Kyle said, reminding Will not to get lost in his imagination, especially when he had company.

"Yeah, I'm a special case. They didn't know what to do with me." At Kyle's blank look, Will continued. "I left high school a year early. I couldn't go in dorm with everyone else and I didn't want to share, so they put me up here on my own. I had student liaison come check on me every so often, to make sure I was settling in and not doing anything I could sue them for later."

Kyle looked even blanker.

"It was a duty of care thing," Will said. "Because I was a minor."

There was an awkward pause, where Kyle's brows drew alarmingly close together and his entire body tensed ready for flight.

"I'm eighteen now," Will said, with a laugh. "It's your turn to not worry."

"Right," Kyle said, looking relieved. "I gotcha."

Will smiled and ducked his head to light the joint. When he blew out his first glorious lungful, Kyle stared at Will's mouth and unconsciously wet his lips. Will blinked once, slowly, and after felt like an idiot for doing something dangerously close to batting his eyelashes. He handed the joint over, settled deeper into the couch, and tried not to think about it.

They passed it to and fro in silence for while until, apparently out of nowhere, Kyle asked, “Are you gay?”

Here it was; the place Kyle had been heading to, ever since he’d decided to wait for Will under the tree.

Will took a deep drag and wondered if he should bother trying to explain the intersectionality of gender identity and sexual orientation. “I like girls, boys, and everything in between,” was the answer he settled on.

Kyle took the joint back and watched it smoulder for a few moments. “Everything in between,” he said. “So, that’s you, right?”

“Right,” Will agreed. He was suddenly aware of how small the couch was. There was only a couple of inches of space between Kyle’s jeans and his own thigh.

“You know, you’re really pretty,” Kyle said. “Like really, really pretty.”

Will didn’t know what to say to that, so he said nothing at all. His fingers grazed Kyle’s when he took the joint again. Thankfully, there was a pleasant fuzziness creeping in around the edges of his mind, like a soft comfortable blanket. It made the situation a lot easier to deal with.

“I think I’m probably gay, but I’ve only been with girls before.” There was more than a hint of desperation in the way Kyle glanced at him, which spoke of a small town and its crushing, pigeonholing ways. “It’s not like I don’t want to - you know - with guys, it’s just, how do you even know when a guy is interested? How am I supposed to tell when it’s okay to ask one out?”

“You could go to a club,” Will said. “Or one of the LGBT events on campus.”

Kyle’s mouth dropped open, and he shook his head in a dazed kind of way. Obviously this would be a step too far.

“So you thought hanging around my door was less scary?” Will’s face darkened when a different idea occurred to him. “Or that I was an easier prospect?”

“No, no, that wasn’t it. I thought, you know, *think*-” He took a deep breath. “I told you - you’re really pretty. Gorgeous. I just wanted to-”

Will leaned in a little closer. His mind was stilling, finally. Thoughts hung like motes of dust suspended in syrupy summer air. Kyle’s warmth was seeping into the couch, palpable in the air around him. Will could almost feel it on his skin. And Kyle’s thighs were solid and muscular; Will wanted to straddle his lap and shut him up. He’d had enough talk for one day.

He was probably staring, Will realised, a bit too late. But Kyle was staring back at him. Good.

Kyle opened his mouth and hushed, halting words came out. “A couple of weeks ago, I saw you, at the library. You were wearing this short grey dress and you must’ve had on thigh

highs or something, because when you picked your bag up there was little flash of skin and I swear it was the hottest thing I've ever seen." His eyes found Will's and slid down to fix on his mouth. "I got so hard, it was incredible. And later- *god*."

Will gave him a slow smile and moved in close enough to kiss. But he held back, just out of reach. "What happened later? Tell me, go on."

Kyle was transfixed, eyes wide. He was even blushing a little. But it seemed he couldn't stop talking now he'd started. "I couldn't stop thinking about you, about what I'd find if I pushed your skirt up. Thinking that you might let me touch you, let me-"

The joint was practically finished, a stub of twisted paper. He plucked it from Kyle's fingers and sucked out the last pull. Then he brushed his lips over Kyle's, letting curling tendrils of smoke escape between them. Kyle breathed it in deeply, and calmed himself a little.

"Let you what?" Will asked. "What is it you want to do?"

He was halfway across Kyle's lap; one of Kyle's hands had found their way to Will's thigh, toying uncertainly with the hem of his dress.

"God, I want to suck you off," Kyle said, in a breathless rush. "Make you come like that. I bet it's as pretty as the rest of you."

Will took a deep and careful breath in, trying to ignore the blood pounding in his veins, making his dick twitch. Fuck, did that sound good - usually, Will was the one expected to do all the cocksucking.

He put his hands firmly on Kyle's shoulders and swung a leg over his lap. Instead of settling onto it, which seemed like a very good idea indeed, Will knelt so his hips were level with Kyle's shoulders.

"So, what you're saying is, you wanna lift up my skirt and suck my dick?"

Kyle nodded, mouth open and eyes glazed, fingers digging into the backs of Will's thighs.

Will smiled, and stroked Kyle's cheek with his thumb. "Okay then, go ahead."

Kyle's hands crept nervously upward, a little way under Will's skirt. All at once, he pushed it up, out of the way.

"Oh god," he said, faintly. "Shit."

Will would have described the underwear he had on as unremarkable - plain pale-blue cotton, with a tiny frill of lace edging. But apparently Kyle didn't agree. His fingers slid slowly up to rest over Will's hips, framing the fat rigid bulge of Will's cock underneath with his thumbs, and then stopped.

"It's okay," Will said. "Touch, whatever you want."

Kyle looked nervously up at him for a moment, before brushing his thumb along the length of the distended fabric. A soft whimper escaped him, as if he was the one being felt up. Will covered the back of Kyle's hand with his own, in what he hoped was encouragement. The tension was getting to him, too - excitement banded his chest, making his breath come short.

Squaring his shoulders, Kyle hooked his fingertips into the band of Will's panties and peeled them down. He let out an audible exhalation when Will's dick sprang free. It was almost kind of cute, Will decided. He smiled down at Kyle, who was blushing and bright-eyed and elated at his own bravery.

"I knew it," he said, tugging Will's panties further down, to sit below his balls. "So pretty, *god*. Like that, is that okay?" He encircled the shaft with his fingers, and gave a couple of tentative strokes.

"Yeah," Will said. "That's good, just- you don't have to be gentle with me."

Kyle made a choked, slightly desperate noise, grabbed the base of Will's cock and pressed his lips to the tip. Will gasped and clutched for the back of the couch. He felt hot warmth sweep across his slit - simply Kyle getting used to the taste, presumably, because he then slipped the round O of his mouth over the head and sucked.

With a harsh grunt of surprise, Will tried to stop his hips jerking forward. Kyle pulled free, then dragged the broad flat of his tongue down Will's length and back up again. He was a quick learner and enthusiastic to boot; sucking Will's cock deeper into his mouth, hands settling on the globes of Will's ass. Will groaned, reeling with pleasure already, and a little taken aback at the sight of Kyle below him.

Kyle let Will slip free and gasped, "God, you're so hot." He unbuckled his jeans hurriedly and took his own dick in hand. "Just, *fuck*, just use my mouth, okay? I can take it, I want you to."

A shiver of need raced up Will's spine. Maybe those backseat fantasies his mind earlier supplied him with were even more interesting than they had first appeared. He pictured Kyle, on his knees, head bobbing in Will's lap. The star quarterback who was also a star cocksucker.

Will held his jaw and pushed the head of his cock across Kyle's lips, smearing them with pre-come. He smiled. "Yeah? Want me to come in your mouth too?"

Kyle moaned, nodded, and put his tongue out in blatant invitation. Silently, Will congratulated himself for not coming on the spot, and slid smoothly over Kyle's tongue and into his mouth. He pressed as deep as he thought Kyle could take, watching Kyle's cheeks hollow, his eyes close in bliss. His hand worked briskly between his own legs and Will took up the same rhythm, fucking his mouth in short rapid strokes.

Will knew there was no way he was going to last - not with the needy sounds Kyle was making deep in his throat, or with how he seemed to like Will's hands on his jaw and the back of his head. His mouth was perfect, spit-slick tongue and lips, tight sucking heat,

vibrating with his groans. And the thought of coming in his mouth, of watching him swallow around his cock- it was all too much.

Gathering his self-control, Will pulled slowly back, greedily watching the drag of Kyle's lips over his shaft. When he realised what was happening, Kyle tried to hold him in place, the fingers of his free hand dimpling the flesh of Will's ass.

Will shook his head. "I'm close, you'd better do the work. It'll be easier for you that way."

Kyle surged blindly forward, sought the head with his tongue, and engulfed it in his mouth again. He worked it desperately, sucking and lapping, probing gently at the very tip, until Will gripped his head and held him still. His cock pulsed thickly, and Kyle's eyes flew open as he swallowed what he could. Will's gaze was locked to his while Kyle struggled and lost the battle, a slippery mess of saliva and come spilling from his lips and down his chin. Both of them groaned; Kyle chased it with his tongue, still pumping his dick, while Will shook and trembled over him. Only a few seconds later, he came over his fist, splashing hot and wet against Will's thigh.

Will's heart hammered, his chest heaved. A laugh burst from him - the final release of adrenaline and joy and relief. Kyle wiped at his sticky mouth and joined in, a warm genuine sound. Will sank into his lap and kissed him properly for the first time. They felt easy and right together, soft lips and slow hot licks into each others' mouths. Both of them smiled all the way through. Will chased the taste of himself on Kyle's tongue, and wondered how long it would be before they could do that again.

"So," Kyle said, in between kisses. "Can I take you for that drink another night?"

End Notes

btw after this Will got several weeks' worth of excellent head and never had any trouble with Chuck ever again :)

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